

# **EXHIBIT 6**

3  
**THE POLITICIAN**

**ANDREW YOUNG**

THOMAS  
DURNE  
BOOKS

ST. MARTIN'S  
PRESS

**AN INSIDER'S ACCOUNT OF  
JOHN EDWARDS'S PURSUIT OF THE  
PRESIDENCY AND THE SCANDAL  
THAT BROUGHT HIM DOWN**

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POLITICIAN**



**ANDREW YOUNG**

"No, that's BS. We didn't leave the room."

My guess was that Rielle had tortured the hotel staff in order to get an upgrade and was not in the room where the *Enquirer* guys had set up their stakeout. A glance at the *Enquirer* Web site turned up no actual photos of Edwards with Rielle or the baby. They only had pictures of him in public areas of the hotel. "I don't think they've got what they say they have," I told him. Then I asked, "What are you going to tell Elizabeth?"

"I already talked to her. I had to."

Now a bit calmer, Edwards explained that he had been so alarmed by the encounter with the *Enquirer* guys that he felt he had to call his wife. But as usual, he didn't tell her the truth. He told her that Bob and Rielle were blackmailing him. He went to the hotel because they were going to tell the world an enormous lie—John Edwards is the father of this baby—and he had to give them money or else. He also told Elizabeth that I wasn't paying child support.

The story might have been logical if he had told Mrs. Edwards that I was part of the blackmailing scheme, but he had not. "It doesn't make sense for you to be alone in a hotel room with my girlfriend for three hours, until two A.M.," I said. "It's stupid."

A call waiting signal interrupted our conversation, and Edwards told me he had to go to Los Angeles International Airport to catch a flight home. He sounded a little like a man headed to the gallows or a little boy going to see his mother after he broke a window playing ball. He said he would call me from the airport. When I hung up and checked the message on my phone, I discovered it was Fred Baron. He sounded full of life as he almost shouted, "Hey, I'm out of the hospital and feeling great. I'm gonna beat this thing!"

Fred, whose cancer was progressing, told me he had recently spent several days at the Mayo Clinic undergoing treatment. He sounded so cheerful, I thought that he must not know what was happening with John Edwards. When I called back and informed him, he finally believed my insistent claim, which I had expressed to him for months, that I was not the father of Rielle's baby. He accepted that I had never had an affair with her and that I had been protecting his friend the senator all along.

## THE POLITICIAN

Fred was very upset. I could hear him telling Lisa Blue the news and saying, "Goddamn Edwards. What the hell was he thinking?"

Fred and I spoke nine times in the next few hours. He was devastated to learn the truth about a man he had trusted with his time, emotion, and fortune. Like someone who has been through a terrible trauma, Fred wanted to pore over the details. At one point we discussed the fact that Edwards had asked us both to see if we could get a fabricated DNA test showing he was not the baby's father. Fred laughed and said, "That's criminal. That's ridiculous. And it's not going to happen." When we talked about how the *Enquirer* staff could have known that Edwards was going to be at the hotel, we had to conclude that they had been tipped off by Rielle, Bob McGovern, or someone either of them had told. In the end it didn't matter, but it was natural to speculate. (The details in the *Enquirer* were mostly accurate, including some facts I wouldn't confirm until much later.)

The senator called me from the airport and continued the conversation we had started earlier. We talked a total of seven different times during the day.

When Cheri and I talked about what was going on, she instantly thought of Mrs. Edwards and how she might react. According to her husband and Fred Baron, she had threatened to hurt herself many times before. Genuinely concerned for her and her children, we decided it would be best to contact their old family friend David Kirby and suggest someone check on her condition. Kirby agreed and made sure someone did. The next day, I got the following voice mail from Elizabeth Edwards, who was speaking about Rielle:

If you want to be helpful to me you can not call a bunch of people, you can call the mother of your child and pay what you owe . . . This is a completely crazy, desperate, pathetic woman with no skills and no possibility of employment. You are going to have to take care of your baby. If you do that, she won't behave in this erratic way [long pause]. And then you and your concubine and your entire family can stay out of our lives.